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Mr Michie's narrative - Quick write



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Chapter 1 by Mr Michie

It was slow work trudging along the vast mass of blinding whiteness and before long the azure blue will be overshadowed and swallowed by an obsidian darkness. Ghale was wearing just as much as I and his wag had slowed immensely from the start of the journey. He lifted his big, teal infused eyes and I instantly saw the sudden sadness, sullenness and suspicion in them. Chills ran down the back of my spine like a thousand ants sprinting for a crumb. I wish I could say those chills were from the cold. That's when my ears were pierced with a sharp sound of a horn.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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